

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHIA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

AN OLD SAYING.

As I observe my course in this strange world,
Which lately I began to journey through,
I find within me an incessant wish
That I could eat my cake, and have it, too.

I want to have an income never scant,
And earn it fairly as my honest pay,
Yet lie in bed an hour beyond my sleep,
And read a pleasant novel every day.

I want to be a specialist in law,
Or physio and theology the pride,
A faultless linguist and a writer skilled,
A thorough business man, and much beside.

I want to be reformer's bold pioneer,
Whose mighty struggle breaks the whole world's bands,
Yet never be at discord with my friends,
Nor have dull opposition tie my hands.

I want to have a hero's character,
Strong by experience of self-control,
Yet be henceforward rid of all this wish
To eat and have, that frets away my soul.

—S. T. Byington, in Puck.

A GAME FOR TWO.

Never would I have believed Dick capable of such base and heartless duplicity if my own eyes had not borne witness to its odious existence. I loved him—I loved him more than woman ever loved man before. I had heard hard things said of him, but I credited not one of them; common rumor—which always savors of spite—could not shake my faith in the man to whom I had pledged myself, heart and life. And yet here—here beneath my fingers—lay equivocal proof of his guileful, treacherous nature.

Dick and I had been engaged less than a month—how soon had he tired of me!—when mother accepted his father's invitation to the Norfolk home of the Rowses. Dick journeyed down with us from town, and I am sure the shrewdest reader of character would never have suspected that even then his brain was busy scheming against my happiness—so careful of mother was he, so attentive to our every want and comfort. Yet this must have been the case, for on the second day after our arrival I became privy, by the merest chance, to his perfidious designs.

That morning before dinner I made my way to the library, whither I knew Dick had gone to write his letters, he told me. His absence had been so unconscionably long that I determined to invade his solitude, even at the risk of being chided for it. While I was yet 20 yards from the library door I heard his voice raised in a hullabaloo such as only he can create.

"Get out of there, you snappy little brute!" he cried. "Sssss!—phew!—scat!"

I pushed open the door just in time to see him vault over the table, overturn a couple of chairs and disappear through the French windows that abutted the terrace. Through this glass I caught fiftful glimpses of him as he dashed hither and thither after mother's pet spaniel—a sweet, lovely doggie he is, too—who, on his part, was equally excited in yapping and scurrying after Mr. Rowe's cherished peacocks.

"Come here, sir!" shouted Dick, angrily. "Gar! you horrible little beast!"

And the language Dick used! Certainly it was not warranted by the occasion, for the dear little animal meant no harm, but was only giving vent to his natural playfulness. I could restrain myself no longer when Dick, irritated by his fruitless chase, began to throw handfuls of tuft and gravel at the frolicsome little creature.

Stepping toward the window to expostulate, my eyes happened to fall upon the letter Dick had been writing before this interruption came. The words I saw glued me to the spot. Without shame I say it—there and then I read every syllable he had so far penned.

"MY DARLING CURLY-LOCKS," so this execrable epistle ran. "You must really learn to moderate the fervor of your billet-doux in future—and so must I. If she saw them—she who must be obeyed—they would give rise to such questionings as even I, with all my wits, would be unable to parry without letting out our secret. We must be cautious, therefore, and lie low. I will hatch up a dodge by which you can be brought into the house unknown to her. Leave that to me. As for the presents I promised you, you shall have them without fail if you solemnly assure me that you will not seek to rule me in future as you have done in the past."

At this point the letter broke off. But I had read enough—too much, indeed, for my peace. And this was Dick! This mean, crafty, guilty wretch was Dick—the true Dick!

With an effort I forced back the tears that welled to my eyes. He was not worth a sigh. I would be strong, I would beat down my fondness for him—my foolish, confiding infatuation—even though my heart broke under the ordeal.

I had crossed the floor and taken a book from the shelves ere Dick, having driven the poor dog indoors, blundered into the room. I caught his muttered "nuisance—mischievous little cur!" before he espied me.

"Ah, Jennie—you here?" he exclaimed, with simulated joy. "I'm sorry I have been so long. Fact is, I—"

While he was speaking he sidled toward the table, lifted up the blotting pad, and stealthily dropped it over that horrible letter. Well he might hide it! Then, with outstretched hand, he came in my direction.

"Capt. Rowe," I said coldly, drawing back, "you have—you are—I never thought you could be so—so heartless."

"There was no other way," he rejoined, misunderstanding my allusion. "I couldn't catch the beast—the dog; and we should have had my father down on our throats if anything had happened to his precious birds."

"I'm glad you consider somebody's feelings, Capt. Rowe," I added significantly. "No; do not come near me. You are cruel—cruel!"

My resolution was fast oozing away—I felt it slipping from me—and as Dick still continued to advance I adopted the most strategic move I could think of—I ran out of the room. Upstairs I sped to my bedroom, locking myself in and pouring out my misery in bitter sobs.

When mother came to look for me I told her I did not feel well—that my head ached badly. I could not bring myself to tell her the ghastly truth just yet. She had, I knew, set her mind on the drive to Barstone cliffs, which had been arranged for the morrow's afternoon, and I did not see why my troubles should deprive her of the anticipated pleasure. Time enough to inform her of my discovery on her return. We could leave Norfolk on the following day. Yes, that would be best.

Dick sent up a dozen times in the course of the evening to know how I was, but beyond a laconic "No better," he got meager intelligence. Twice he had the hardihood to come upstairs himself, tap-tapping at the door and breathing my name through the keyhole. But to these overtures, of course, I made no reply.

I do not think I am naturally of a vindictive disposition, but I believe there is some shred of wisdom in the theory that those whom you have loved the best, when once you have seen cause to detest them, you end by hating the most. So, at least, it seemed to me with regard to Dick. He had deceived me; why should I not give him tit for tat—why should I not also play the double game? Moreover, circumstances invited me to the attempt. Less than a week ago I had received a communication from Freddie Walcott, dated from Venice, in which he had virtually made me an offer of marriage. Now Freddie—pleasant, vivacious and wealthy—had known me almost all my life, but as he had spent the last six months upon the continent he had not as yet heard of my recent engagement to Capt. Rowe. In my simple-heartedness I had already shown this letter to Dick, and both he and I had laughed hugely over it. But now I thought better of it. I began to suspect I had behaved rather shabbily toward Freddie. His constancy, at all events, merited due recognition.

All that night, my conscience growing hard, I pondered over my plan. Next morning I still pleaded my headache as an excuse for not appearing at breakfast and lunch. Nor had I any appetite for the food sent up to me. Mother's anxiety induced her to declare that she would forego the excursion to the cliffs, and it required all my persuasion to convince her that it was unnecessary—that I would soon be well again, and all I needed was rest and quiet.

An hour later I heard the rumble of the carriages as they passed down the yew-fringed drive to the high road. Except for the servants, I was alone in the house. Now was my opportunity. I went straight to the morning-room, took up a sheet of note paper, drew pen and ink toward me and wrote deliberately this:

"MY DEAREST FREDDIE: I can never forgive myself if you have formed the opinion that I am neglecting you. Really, I think quite frequently of you. If I have not hitherto shown the sympathy I feel, you must take my word for it that there are difficulties in the way which may not be apparent to you. However, I intend to make amends from this day forth. We will at once resume our friendship, if it please you, and the oftener we see each other in the future the more I shall be gratified. But I must warn you beforehand to beware of the ogre! When we are in the company of others I shall expect you to be on your best behavior—none of the rapture and endearments with which in the old reckless days you were wont to harass 'Jennie.'"

In the midst of my writing mother's spaniel came into the room, but as the sensible little animal saw I was preoccupied he simply leaped into my lap and curled himself up there good as gold, until I had finished my scrawl. Then I looked down at him. Immediately I sprang to my feet with a cry of dismay. Evidently the dear pet had broken bounds again; of a surety he had been in the fishpond too. His coat was still wet and plastered thick with mud. And my dress—my dress, was irretrievably ruined.

While I stood thus in consternation the sound of approaching footsteps struck upon my ears. I would never do to be seen in such a plight; I must change my dress at once. For that purpose I darted upstairs to my bedroom, forgetting, in my haste and trepidation, all about the letter to Freddie which lay exposed to the prying gaze of anyone who chanced to enter the room.

Presently a hurried tread echoed along the corridor; it stopped outside my door. Dick—who I afterward found had not gone with the coaching party

at all—Dick called to me in a loud imperious voice:

"Jennie—Jennie, I say!"
My heart went pit-a-pat; I scarcely dared to breathe.

"What do you want?"
"To see you. I must speak to you—now—at once!"

"Very well. I will come down to the library in five minutes."

As soon as I had sat myself to rights I went downstairs, prepared for a stormy interview. Dick stood in the middle of the room, my letter to Freddie in his hand.

"This—this!" he cried. "What is the meaning of this?"

"I suppose you have read it," said I in affected unconcern.

"Is that your only answer? You admit you have been secretly corresponding with that man Walcott—a worthless, idiotic nincompoop! And—and—I don't think I need ask whom you designate 'the ogre,' Miss Waud?"

My name thus spoken sounded oddly from Dick's lips. It gave me quite a start. But I pulled myself together and paid him back in his own coin.

"And pray, Capt. Rowe, by what right do you dare to peruse my private letters?"

"Why, the abominable thing stared me in the face. I couldn't help seeing it. 'My dearest Freddie,' indeed! Ugh!"

"At all events that sounds more sensible than 'My darling Curly-locks,'" I responded, with a forced laugh.

"Oh—oh! And may I ask who gave you leave to read my letters?"

"It is just possible that they, too, may at times stare one in the face."

Dick remained silent for a space, his eyes bent upon the carpet.

"I can explain that letter," he said, at last, "but I would rather you did not ask me to do so now."

"No doubt you would," I put in, sharply. "I give you credit for being able to explain anything and everything, now and at all times—eminently to your own satisfaction."

Again Dick was silent. When he looked up the wrathful gleam had fled from his eyes.

"You have heard me speak of Glaisher, of Ours," he said, a quiver in his voice—"a brave soldier and the best friend I ever had. He died in the hospital at Cairo. Before his death he asked me to look after his daughter—motherless then, fatherless now. She will be 12 years old on the 18th of this month, and it was to her I wrote. She is at school in Cambridge. I wanted to spring her upon you as an agreeable surprise; I wanted you to love her for her own sake, and not because she was my ward. I thought perhaps she might be one of your bridesmaids, if ever—"

"Oh, Dick—Dick!" I cried, in an excess of joy and relief. But Dick waved me aside.

"This letter was written by you, I think," he said, curtly, flourishing the incriminating sheet in the air.

My lips trembled so violently that I came near falling. Unconscious of my distress, Dick deliberately turned upon his heel and would have gone from the room if I had not clutched fast hold of his sleeve. "Listen to me—listen to me, Dick!"

"Perhaps it would be better to wait until your mother—"

"No—no! Listen to me now!"

Dick swung around.

"You were never very fond of mother's lap dog," I said, gazing up at him, timidly.

Dick, puzzled, stared hard at me.

"I beg your pardon," he returned; "I put it that the dog was never fond of me."

"It amounts to the same thing. Out of deference to your prejudices—or his—I had given up petting him and teaching him tricks. You remember how I used to make him sit up, with spectacles on his nose, grave as a judge—"

"Really, Miss Waud, I don't see what this has to do—"

"Oh, very well," I answered, stiffly. "Perhaps you recollect who presented him to mother?"

"Certainly I do. It was that fellow Walcott." "And the dog's name?"

"Because of its snub nose you called it after its former owner. Why—confound it!—the dog's name is Freddie, too! You can't—no—surely you are not going to pretend that this letter was addressed to the dog, and not to the man?"

"I don't pretend at all; it is the fact. I thought how much greater fun it would be if I could teach Freddie—that's the dog, you know—to open an unsealed envelope, take out the inclosure and rub his spectacled nose along the lines as if reading them. If you care to look at what I have written there under this new light you will see that—"

"But where is the necessity of writing at all?" queried Dick, the cloud fast vanishing from his brows. "A blank sheet of paper would have served the purpose just as well as this—this stuff. The dog can't really read."

"No, you silly goose," said I, linking my arm in his; "but you can."

"What! You designedly placed this letter where I should drop across it? Was it drawn up solely for my benefit?"

I nodded and smiled at him.

"For your benefit—and punishment." And yet mother says that I am woefully lacking in diplomacy and tact. For my own part, I think I have a sufficiency of both.—Household Words.

—The clove tree begins to bear in its seventh year, attains a height of about 40 feet and continues bearing for 100 to 200 years.

THE WAR IN CUBA.

The Insurgents Steadily Gaining Ground—A Guerrilla Warfare.

HAVANA, Dec. 26.—Further details reached here yesterday from Matanzas of the rapid advance of the insurgent army, numbering about 12,000 men, upon Havana, after forcing its way through the province of Santa Clara and the province of Matanzas in spite of the efforts of Capt.-Gen. Martinez de Campos and about 80,000 troops at his disposal in the territory traversed and invaded.

The reported important battle between the Spaniards under Campos and the insurgents at Coliseo plantation, 12 miles from Cardenas, does not appear to have been a very severe engagement. Cardenas is a seaport of 4,000 inhabitants; is only 21 miles from Matanzas, capital of the province of that name, and the largest town between Cardenas and Havana.

The Spanish forces do not appear to have encountered the main body of the insurgents, as at first announced. The fight at the Coliseo plantation was between the northern column of three insurgent columns now pushing through the province of Matanzas, and instead of turning out to be a great victory for the Spaniards the result of the engagement was virtually a defeat for Campos, for the Cuban army pushed on unchecked and is still advancing on this city. The fighting took place amid burning cane, underwood, tall grass and trees, and was of the usual guerrilla nature. At times both the troops and the insurgents were surrounded by walls of flame and the smoke was so dense over certain portions of the ground contested that the Cubans and the troops were unable to see each other, and kept banging away at open spaces, wasting vast quantities of good ammunition. It is true that this indiscriminate firing was more noticed upon the part of the troops than on the side of the insurgents, but for one insurgent killed at least 2,000 shots must have been fired.

The Cubans, following their customary tactics, seemed to melt away in the distance as soon as the troops got within sighting distance of them, and nearly all the firing was at very long range, although the soldiers made several gallant charges through the burning territory. This style of fighting is termed a defeat of the insurgents, but as they succeeded in accomplishing their object, holding the Spaniards in check while the Cuban army pushed on southward, the result was really a Cuban victory.

EULOGIZING CLEVELAND.

Mexican Journals Support His Application of the Monroe Doctrine.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 26.—The press continues to give support to President Cleveland, who has become immensely popular. One paper declares he has the public sentiment of all the new world behind him; that he is invincible, and that he has injected into the public law of the world the Monroe doctrine, which is the reason why Europe is maddened and utters grave threats, but Europe will find that all the nations of this hemisphere will declare the doctrine to be international law. All the leading journals take the side of the United States in unequivocal language, the only dissenting voice being the clerical organ, El Tiempo, and the organs of resident Spaniards, which declare the United States is on the brink of ruin, financial and political, and in peril of the combined hostile action of Europe, to which the Mexican Herald replies that the United States can, by reimposition of the sugar tax and by raising the beer tax, wipe out its deficit, convert it into a surplus, and that the American people were never stronger and abler to cope with any foe than now.

ANOTHER PENSION BILL.

Congressman Blue Wants Soldiers Who Lost an Arm or Leg to Receive More.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—Representative Blue has introduced a bill to amend the pension laws by increasing the pensions of soldiers and sailors who have lost an arm or leg or been totally disabled while in the service. The bill provides that all persons who lost a hand or a foot or been totally disabled in the same, shall receive a pension of \$40 per month; and all persons now on the pension roll or hereafter granted a pension who shall have lost an arm above the elbow, or a leg at or above the knee, shall receive a pension of \$45 a month, and all who shall have lost an arm at the shoulder joint or a leg at the hip joint shall receive \$50 per month.

The Strathnevis Found.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 26.—The steamer Strathnevis will arrive at Port Townsend at midnight in tow of the tug Mineola. She was found yesterday morning at anchor behind Destruction island, south of Cape Flattery. She was first picked up by the Miowera and towed five days by her when the hawser parted in a storm and the disabled steamer was again adrift less than 50 miles from Cape Flattery. She drifted in behind Destruction island and anchored.

Two Places Tendered.

New York, Dec. 26.—A special to the World from Washington says: The president has tendered places on the Venezuelan commission to Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, ex-minister to England; Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois, ex-minister to England. Their acceptance have not been received, and the third place on the commission will not be filled until Mr. Phelps and Mr. Lincoln accept.

EXPLAINING MATTERS.

Report of the Ways and Means Committee on the Tariff and Bond Bills.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, yesterday reported to the house the tariff and bond bills agreed on by the majority of the committee. He said:

The committee on ways and means, to whom was referred so much of the president's annual message and so much of the annual report of the secretary of the treasury as relates to the revenue and the condition of the treasury, and also the president's special message presenting the urgency of immediate action by congress in a direction calculated to bring relief, report that the committee appreciate the seriousness of the situation and the importance of prompt remedies so far as congress can give them. Your committee regard the chronic deficiency of revenue for the past two years and a half as the most potent cause of the difficulties which the treasury has encountered and an important factor in the creation and promotion of that serious distrust which has paralyzed business and dangerously shaken confidence, even in the financial operations of the government. It is as impossible for a government to have continuous deficiency of revenue for 24 years without affecting its financial standing as it is for an individual. It is impossible also for a government to continue in this condition without casting a shadow of doubt and discouragement over all business operations within its borders.

The serious fact which we are called upon to confront is that in the two and a half years that have elapsed since July 1, 1893, this government has had an insufficiency of revenue to meet current expenditures amounting in the aggregate to about \$133,000,000. And, even in the first half of the present fiscal year, the deficiency will reach about \$20,000,000 and about \$3,000,000 in this present month.

It is evident that so long as there is insufficient revenue this performance will go on, and bond sale after bond sale will be required. It is also evident that if there had been a sufficiency of revenue these redeemed legal tender notes would not have been paid out at once, and there would have been so much the less opportunity to draw gold from the treasury.

Continuing Mr. Dingley said:

In response to the urgent call of the president, your committee has felt impelled to act with all possible dispatch. Two facts have led your committee to look to an increase of customs duties as the most appropriate source of additional revenue. They are, first, the fact that we are already raising a disproportionate amount from internal revenue, which has always been regarded as a war resort indeed. Jefferson took the ground that excise taxes should not be resorted to by the federal government as sources of revenue in time of peace, and the democratic national convention maintained the same doctrine in 1884.

And, secondly, the fact that, by increasing customs duties on imported articles, which we can and ought to produce or make at home, for revenue purposes, we can at the same time incidentally encourage stricken industries and materially aid in turning in our favor the balance of trade which has been so heavily against us all through this calendar year, and which has caused a demand for gold for export which our treasury has been called to supply. For, so long as the balance of trade is against us on account of excessive imports, we must export gold, or what is the same thing, promise to pay gold to pay for the excess of imports over exports.

The report after analyzing the tariff bill proceeds to the subject of a bond issue. Upon this matter the committee declares that the authority asked for by the secretary of the treasury to issue bonds at a lower rate and for a shorter term than those now authorized should be granted.

FIGHTING MOONSHINERS.

Desperate Battle in the Mountains of Kentucky—Whisky Destroyed.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 27.—News of a terrible battle between revenue officials and moonshiners in the Cumberland mountains has just reached here. Several days ago a number of revenue men under charge of the famous "Kid" Greer invaded Letcher county in quest of illicit stills and were informed that the moonshiners of that section had been apprised of their coming and were lying in wait for them on the Cumberland river. Greer strengthened his force, arming each man with a Winchester, a needle gun and two revolvers. They were approaching the vicinity of the moonshiners with much precaution, when they were surprised by the moonshiners, who were hid behind a high embankment. Greer received a bullet in his hip and another in his shoulder, and the surprise was so complete that the revenue men were forced to beat a hasty retreat. They rallied and charged on the moonshiners from the rear of their fortifications, and after quite a fusillade the outlaws were routed. Jim Winfield, one of the moonshiners, was killed and David And, Sam Collier and Marion Brown were taken prisoners. The revenue men arrived at Prestonburg yesterday, where they told their experience. Greer is not badly hurt. Several stills were cut to pieces and about 2,000 gallons of brandy and whisky destroyed.

DOOLIN REPENTANT.

The Notorious Territorial Outlaw Has Tired of His Life of Crime.

PERRY, Ok., Dec. 27.—Considerable excitement was created here when it was announced that Bill Doolin, formerly leader of the noted Dalton gang of outlaws, was in Perry yesterday and last night, and that his mission here was to make peace with the officers and give himself up, provided a sentence could be agreed on. It is said that Doolin was accompanied by Bill Carr, who is an escapee from Oklahoma City. Carr has a big reward hanging over him, and skipped a \$15,000 bond. Doolin, in an interview, says he is tired of an outlaw's life and wants to atone for all his misdeeds by working out a short term in the penitentiary. Doolin was leader of the Dalton gang for years, and is said to be one of the most desperate men that ever lived in Oklahoma.